

JOANNA
OF
MONTFAUCON;

A
DRAMATIC ROMANCE
OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY:

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre: Royal, Cobent: Garden.

FORMED UPON THE PLAN OF THE GERMAN DRAMA OF

KOTZEBUE:

AND ADAPTED TO THE ENGLISH STAGE

BY

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

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1800.



TO THE
R E A D E R.

THE German original of this Play, which its Author styles 'a Dramatic Romance of the fourteenth century,' has not, I believe, as yet been published. It never came under my inspection; and, if it had, I could have made no use of it, not understanding a syllable of the language.

The model, upon which I worked was an English translation, that professed nothing more than fidelity to the words of the author, and this I have no doubt it correctly performed. In this copy I discovered the frame-work of what might be made a splendid spectacle; and the known liberality of those, in whom the property and conduct of the Theatre are

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vested,

vested, has more than equalled every expectation I could ground upon their support. What else I discovered, except as above stated, it may not become me to say, for I have no right to pronounce upon an author, who composes in a language unknown to me; but certain it is, I stand responsible to the Public for every sentence in this Drama now before them, with the exception of a very few periods indeed, and those of no great importance. Let Kotzebue therefore answer for no more than belongs to him—the plot and fabric of JOANNA. Whether I have marred it or mended it in the execution, can only be decided when the Public shall be in possession of the means for comparing them.

It has so rarely been my habit to write upon any plot but of my own fabrication and invention, that what I assert in the Prologue is most strictly true; viz.

“ All, who cou’d judge my labour, wou’d confess
“ Originality had made it less.”

*Whether from inaptitude for the task, or from whatever other cause my embarrassments have
proceeded,*

P R E F A C E.

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proceeded, such they have been, and so many times have I woven and unwoven this Penelope's web, that if plays were only to be appreciated by the pains they cost in composing, this of mine would have a merit, which I suspect the world will not be in the humour to attach to it. Then indeed I should have one fair exception to set against the many instances of precipitation, of which I stand accused, but of which I cannot be duly convicted, till it is known of how many hours my day consists, and what portion of those I devote to my studies.

I have heard several authors instance a dispatch in composition, of which I have no conception; but, with respect to the drama now submitted, whether I did or did not write it, stans pede in uno, I can only assure the Public, I will never stand upon German legs any more, but take my chance with my countrymen for so much of their favour as my own independant efforts can obtain for me.

I have now been so often before the Reader, that I must claim the privilege of addressing him as a friend, whom I am not to flatter,
and

and in whose company I am not to degrade myself by an unmanly stile of supplication, assumed for no other purpose than to invoke his candour; the which, if he has not, false diffidence will not create, and, if he has, plain speaking will not offend. I therefore shall not scruple to say (speaking under the sanction of age and long experience) that the diction of Joanna is not inferior to that of any of my most favoured plays. I know I have outlived the time, when a simple and consistent fable, developed in correct and classic diction, presenting characters to be found in nature, and producing incidents not irreconcilable to probability, can no longer attract: I also perceive I have lived to see the time, when not content with the eccentricities of our own stage, we have gone to that of the Germans for fresh supplies of what we were overstocked with—false writing and false moral. It is too often that the success or failure of a play depends upon the cast, not upon the composition; of course the play is written more for the actors behind the curtain, than for the audience before it: this makes Tragedy run riot,

riot, and Comedy play the antick. We have actors, who possess such irresistible power over the risibility of the spectator, that our writers for the stage find their account in availing themselves of those powers, and produce a species of composition, which, departing from the character of the legitimate drama, may be said to border very nearly upon farce and mummery.

Where fashion points, the stage will follow. If, endeavouring to write according to nature and good models, the dramatic author finds himself deserted by the Town, who but will be weary of the attempt? If the public taste is vitiated, the remedy is not with him: the critic may take up the cause; a good dramatic censor may do much, but a scurrilous one can effect nothing. Are authors only to be lashed, and their misleaders to be passed over uncorrected? The enlarged expences of our royal theatres do not warrant their proprietors in opposing themselves to the public taste—how then should authors undertake it?

As I have been uniformly adverse in my opinion, to the introduction of these German dramas

dramas on the English stage, it may well be supposed my reasons for undertaking to adapt this of Joanna were strong ones, and in yielding to them, I have only to regret, that my endeavours have not been more serviceable to the interests of a theatre, to which I have every obligation, not only for the fair and honourable treatment I experienced from the proprietors, but also for the warm and cordial support I received from the performers. Mr. Incledon in particular has a claim to my best acknowledgments for his very honourable and zealous perseverance in his duty, under circumstances of such an afflicting nature, as might have fully justified him for declining it.

In the copy now printed, I have not altogether adhered to the Prompter's book, as it was altered after the first night's representation. The Reader will observe I have retained the incident of Lazarra's falling by the hand of Joanna; this I have done, because I see no particular reason for departing so entirely from the author's first conception, though good reason obtained, in point of action, for the alteration

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tion that was made on the second night. On the German stage, Albert, in the combat with his rival, stumbles over the root of a tree, and falls to the ground; in this instant Joanna rushes in accoutred in the complete armour of a warlike knight, and with a huge sword of two-handed sway dispatches Lazzarra at a stroke. Albert, thus critically rescued, rises and requests the unknown Knight to put up his visor, when to his astonishment he discovers his preserver in the person of his wife. How they may manage these matters on the German stage I cannot pretend to say; perhaps their actors may be better duellists, and their actresses more adroit in warlike operations than ours; but if we found difficulty in the action, simplified as it is, how much more should we have been embarrassed in point of execution, had we undertaken to perform it in the spirit of the original?

In the concluding scene of the third act, Wensel in the original gets drunk upon the stage, and the keys are taken out of his chamber by Philip, whilst his intoxicated father

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lies

lies buried in profound sleep. If what I substituted in place of this incident is not so near to nature as the original, it is certainly less offensive to decorum, and better suited to the manners of our English stage. When I am speaking of this scene (unquestionably the most prominent in the play) I cannot pass it over without acknowledging my obligations to the young and rising actor, whose energetic and impressive execution in the character of Philip gave such brilliancy to the representation, and displayed powers, which, when drawn forth by abler authors, and better opportunities, cannot fail to place him in the very highest rank of his profession.

The Joanna of Kotzebue is kept out of sight during the whole time that Lazarra is in possession of her castle, and of course is never before the audience but in the opening and conclusion of the play. It appeared to me expedient to fill up this hiatus, and of course her scenes in the middle acts are supplementary.

In like manner, Wolf in the original is

merely the shadow of a character. The support of such an actor as Mr. Munden, is an object which every author will reach at with avidity. I sincerely thank him for his cordial assistance; I wish my efforts had been more proportionate to his merit. To the performers, who condescended to appear in characters, neither adequate to their merits, nor consonant with their feelings, I have more to offer than acknowledgments; I must beg them to accept my apology.

As there is no music in the original, I must in justice exonerate the author from all responsibility on the score of the discarded Page. When his singing ceased, his services were no longer wanted; two songs were composed for this character, though but one was performed; these exquisite melodies will, I hope, be published by the composer; and that I may not appear to keep that out of sight, which will do him so much honour to produce, I retain those songs in my copy, and of course the whole part of Eugene.

The overture, chorusses, and songs, inci-

dental to the piece, with four symphonies between the acts, were all composed for the occasion by Mr. Thomas Busby: He also, in the run of the piece, substituted a new Quintetto instead of the Peasant's chorus in the opening scene, and at the same time withdrew the finale of Joy, Joy, Joy! and introduced upon the ninth night a shorter and most brilliant chorus to the following words:

*"Hail, glorious day! Death strikes our impious foe,
"And Victory binds her wreath on Virtue's brow."*

It is matter of the highest satisfaction to me to find that the Public have done justice to his eminent abilities. I sincerely hope this his first essay in the dramatic line will encourage him to employ his talents upon a larger and more splendid scale. Where genius so sublime is combined with science so profound, what is there within the province of his studies, which the world may not expect from Mr. Busby?

As the opposition, which was given to this play upon the first evening only of its performance, has passed over me without injury, I should have passed over it without a remark,

mark, but that I am given to understand an opinion was in circulation, that I had vanity enough to conceive I had prepared a spectacle, and composed a drama to rival, nay to eclipse, one that was triumphantly established on the sister stage. As an author, I have never appealed from the decisions of the theatre: conscious that nothing can be more perfectly at the mercy of the Public than an author's reputation, when he has committed it to the stage, I have never offered a single word in arrest of judgment, however rigorous, nor persisted to obtrude myself, when I had once discovered I was no longer welcome. That we had no reason to yield the play up upon the partial clamour of the first night, the event of the second clearly evinced; not a murmur was heard, and the applause was general. If I had been the arrogant man, which it is presumed I was thought to be by some of my opponents, their resentment would have fallen so much more heavily upon the liberal proprietors of the theatre, than upon me individually, that there would have been infinitely more cruelty than justice in their revenge.

revenge. But the task of adapting this German Drama to our stage was no work of my seeking, and though I expended more pains upon it than I ever did upon any play in my life, the hopes I formed of its success were chiefly grounded on the brilliancy of the spectacle, and the excellence of the music: As for Pizarro, I envy not his success; I do not aspire to rival it, I cannot wish to lessen it; and if any man doubts my sincerity, let him put himself in the predicament of an author, for years held off from receiving the fair and moderate earnings of his productive services, and looking to that very fund for indemnification, then let him ask his conscience what he would say to such an idle imputation, and his answer shall be mine.

R. C.

P R O L O G U E.

THE Scenes that soon will open to your view,
In their first sketch a foreign author drew;
If merely tracing his inventive thought
We set translation's servile task at nought,
All who can judge our labour, must confess
Originality had made it less.

Our Dramatists you know, in every age,
Have copied from the French and Spanish stage:
We have done less—for save in plot alone,
The work from top to bottom is our own.

[* “ Still, if you think the British stage disgrac'd,
“ Is it by us, or by the public taste?
“ Let our spectators stoop to your decree,
“ And as our masters are, such we will be.”]

If thus tow'ards you in conscience we are clear,
There's nothing from our foreign Friend to fear;
We've given him all our care—with music's aid,
And painting's art, his splendid scene array'd;
That when his muse imperial shall be shown
Audience not less illustrious than her own,
She may not have it in her power to say,
A British stage disgraced a German play.
The Author of our plot, from married life
Selects his heroine, a virtuous wife!
This character, as fearing to advance
Fiction too bold, he paints as a Romance;
We, under no such terrors, vouch it true,
And for its living model point to you:
Asserting, you in grace and goodness show
All that was lovely centuries ago;
Conscious tho' Wives of old were more demure,
Your eyes may sparkle, and your hearts be pure.

Here we conclude, for Music now prepares
Her better prologue to more moving airs—
If knotted oaks will bend to her appeal,
Need she despair that hearts of oak will feel?


* These four lines between brackets were not spoken.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALBERT, <i>Lord of Thurn</i>	- - -	Mr. Pope.
Lazarra, <i>a Knight</i>	- - -	Mr. Holman.
Darbony	- - -	Mr. Incedon.
Wensel, <i>Castellan of Belmont</i>	- - -	Mr. Waddy.
Philip, <i>his Son</i>	- - -	Mr. H. Johnstone.
Guntram	- - -	Mr. Emery.
Hermit	- - -	Mr. Murray.
Wolf, <i>Warden of Thurn Castle</i>	- -	Mr. Munden.
Romuald	- - -	Mr. Reeve.
Reinhard	- - -	Mr. Abbot.
Ulrick	- - -	Mr. King.
Henry, <i>Son to Albert and Joanna.</i>		
1st Soldier	- - -	M. Klanert.
2d Soldier	- - -	Mr. Atkins.
Lazarra's <i>Servant</i>	- - -	Mr. Curtis.
Old Peasant	- - -	Mr. Davenport.
Shepherd	- - -	Mr. Gardner.
Mountaineer	- - -	Mr. Claremont.
JOANNA <i>of Montfaucon</i>	- - -	Mrs. Pope.
Eloifa	- - -	Mrs. H. Johnstone.
Page	- - -	Miss Waters.
Old Woman Peasant	- - -	Mrs. Whitmore.
Girl	- - -	Miss Cox.

CHORUSSES *by the Vocal Performers.*

Scene SWISSERLAND.



JOANNA.

ACT I.

SCENE discovers a number of Peasants assembled on a Terrace belonging to the magnificent Castle of THURN. LAZARRA, in the habit of a Pilgrim, stands apart from the group, observing their proceedings.

FIRST PEASANT.

ARE you all ready? That is the window of our noble lady Joanna of Montfaucon.
—Who sets off with the serenade?

OLD MAN.

Silence, children, silence! we'll have no singing.

FIRST PEASANT.

Who says no singing, when I made the song?

OLD MAN.

I do. 'Tis early morning, and our good lady may not be stirring yet.

FIRST PEASANT.

Never tell me: the sun is on the hills; she's not in bed.

OLD MAN.

It has pleas'd heaven to visit her with illness.

B

FIRST

JOANNA:

FIRST PEASANT.

Don't say so: the good lady Joanna is no longer ill. (*Horns sound to the chase.*) And hark! there's a proof of it. Our lord is going to the chase. Would he do that, if our dear lady was not well? She is well, she must be well, she shall be well—therefore let us have our song.

OLD MAN.

Hold, I tell you: wait only till our neighbour comes back to us: he may perhaps have seen her.

LAZARRA.

How this woman is ador'd! (*apart.*)

OLD MAN. (*A countryman*

Look, here our neighbour comes. *comes from the Castle; they all flock about him.*)

Well, what news of the lady Joanna?

FIRST PEASANT.

Have you seen her?

OLD WOMAN.

Have you spoken to her?

GIRL.

Is she quite well?

COUNTRYMAN.

Have patience. I have seen her; spoken to her. She bids me greet you all most kindly.

OLD MAN.

Yes, yes, she is always kind.

LAZARRA.

Wou'd I cou'd say so? Why, just Heaven, with all this charity in store, cou'd she find none for me?

(*Philip enters, followed by servants carrying flasks and cups.*)

PHILIP.

PHILIP.

Bless you, good people all ; your noble Lady greets you with a blessing—She'll presently appear ; in the mean while she has sent you a refreshment.

OLD MAN.

With heart and soul we thank her ; but we don't come to drink ; we come to pray for her recovery.

PHILIP.

Thank Heaven, your prayer is granted.—Pilgrim, do you want a draught ?

LAZARRA.

I thirst indeed, but 'tis not for your wine : I have need of charity, but do not want.

PHILIP.

My question was a simple one ; your answer is mysterious.

OLD MAN.

Stand by, stand by !—Our honour'd lady comes.

LAZARRA.

Hah ! 'tis Joanna—beautiful as ever ! (*aside.*)

(*JOANNA enters, leading in her infant son.*)

Chorus of PEASANTS.

“ Lady, great and good and fair,
 “ Pure as saints and angels are,
 “ Flow'rets bath'd in morning dew,
 “ Nature's boon, we bring to you.
 “ Bounteous Lady we implore !
 “ Heaven to grant you plenteous store,
 “ Store of honours, store of wealth,
 “ Crown'd with long, long years of health.”

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JOANNA.

JOANNA.

Thanks, my good people ! These endearing marks of your affection are not lost upon me. That health, which Heaven in mercy hath restor'd, now I perceive how it is priz'd by you, will profit me the more. On my sick bed, when the chastising angel struck me down, and the fierce fever scorch'd my panting breast, not for myself, but for this darling child, for my dear husband, and for you my friends, I humbly pray'd the Lord of life to spare me.

OLD MAN.

The Lord be prais'd for having spar'd your life !—But you are faint, and we intrude upon you. We'll bless you and depart.

ALL.

Bless you, sweet Lady, bless you !

JOANNA.

Oh ! my children (for such you are to me) no more of this ! Sweet as such blessings are, forbear them now. The stricken lyre will tremble whilst it yields exquisite music at the minstrel's touch, so through each fibre, that enfolds my heart, there is a time when even joy gives pain, and to be bless'd and prais'd by those I love, sets every nerve in motion with delight, till the sense akes with transport. Therefore, friends, depart and leave me with this silent man.

(All but Lazarra depart, Philip leading out the child.)

LAZARRO. JOANNA.

JOANNA.

Pilgrim, whence come you ?

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LAZARRA.

Last from Savoy, Lady.

JOANNA.

You have some private suit.

LAZARRA.

Simply to bear you the greetings of an anxious absent friend, the lady Adelaide, abbess of Ryberg.

JOANNA.

Ah! the good Adelaide, the fair recluse. The world hath lost one of it's rarest graces.

LAZARRA.

The world indeed hath lost, but Heaven hath gain'd her. What shall I say when I return to Ryberg?

JOANNA.

Tell my dear Adelaide I'm well and happy.

LAZARRA.

Must I say happy?

JOANNA.

If you say the truth.

LAZARRA.

It was reported to her, you espous'd ALBERT the Lord of THURN by force, not choice.

JOANNA.

It was a calumny.

LAZARRA.

And that your heart inclin'd you to Lazarra.

JOANNA.

That is untrue; I never saw Lazarra, but at a tournament, and then he wore his vizor down.

LAZARRA.

LAZARRA.

But he contended for you with Lord Albert.—

JOANNA.

He did, and was defeated.

LAZARRA.

Do you think so?

JOANNA.

And languish'd long under the cure of wounds
inflicted by my husband's sword—

LAZARRA.

Are you quite sure of that?—Well, *happy*
Lady, I shall report you such to Adelaide; and so
farewell!

JOANNA.

Farewell!

LAZARRA.

May I not pay a pilgrim's homage here?

JOANNA.

So! Peace be with you!

(She gives her hand, and he salutes it.)

LAZARRA. *(aside.)*

Peace!—no peace is with me. Lazarra's heart
harbours eternal hatred; and, come this night,
Albert shall rue my vengeance. *(Exit.)*

JOANNA. *(alone.)*

That man has mischief in his heart; and look!
his lips have left a red and angry spot upon my
hand.—May no such pilgrims ever visit here!
—Hah! my dear lord! *(ALBERT enters.)*

ALBERT.

What do I see? JOANNA, and abroad? Are
you not out too early?

JOANNA.

Are you not rather home too soon, my Albert,
if

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if your field sports might dissipate that gloom which for these three days past, hath hung upon you ?

ALBERT.

Alas ! the field affords no sport for me : I shall not hunt to-day.

JOANNA.

Then, for the first time, I demand my right ; my part in your affliction. Do not tell me that I am weak, a woman—and unfit to be the sharer of your secret thoughts : Am I not Albert's wife ; and did the vow he pledg'd me at the altar only make me the fond associate of his happy hours, not of his sad ones ? Oh, my best of friends ! thou hast nurs'd me in sickness ; may not I cheer thee in sorrow ?

ALBERT.

Excellent Joanna ! be satisfied ; I will not keep a worm to gnaw my conscience ; nor hold that back which is another's right.

JOANNA.

What is another's right ?

ALBERT.

Ev'n all you see.—This castle, 'at whose gate you feed the poor ; this rich domain, was ravish'd from its owner, the banish'd Lord of Thurn.

JOANNA.

Not by my Albert.

ALBERT.

No.—Would to heaven my father had been clear from that reproach as I am ! But alas ! it was a guilty business, my Joanna ; and tho' in candour I'm not bound to blazon my father's shame, in honour I am bound to render justice to the Lord of Thurn.

JOANNA.

JOANNA.

The Lord of Thurn is dead.—He had no son.

ALBERT.

He had a daughter ; and, if she survives, she is the rightful heiress.

JOANNA.

Well, where is she ?

ALBERT.

That is not known. Her father was attack'd and slain by robbers. This daughter, then an infant, was with him ; and whether she was carried off alive, or shar'd her father's fate, remains in doubt.

JOANNA.

Then do we hold this castle but in trust till that doubt is resolv'd. Let her be found.

ALBERT.

And is Joanna then content to lose what she employs so worthily ?

JOANNA.

To lose ?—How is that lost which we've no right to keep ?

ALBERT.

True ; but reflect, that when this castle's gone, my family estate is all that's left me.

JOANNA.

Is that all ?—No ; you have a faithful wife, a lovely hopeful child, a mind at peace, and the pure bliss which unstain'd honour gives—enjoyments, Albert, which who hath, is rich in his proud poverty ; and who hath not, is beggar'd by his riches.

ALBERT.

Glorious woman, come to my arms ! This treasure is my own : Nothing but death can rob me of this wealth.

JOANNA.

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JOANNA. I shall tell you
We will have treasure where death cannot reach it. When conscious rectitude hath chac'd the cloud that wrinkles on your brow, and with a smile you enter the small cot where I will meet you, cherubs of health and peace shall deck the chamber of our repose with furniture more rich than kings can purchase; the low roof shall mount above the pitch of palaces and towers; and when I walk beside thee, what imports it if leagues or inches limit our possessions? Thou art my property, thy love my treasure, thy courage my strong castle and defence: One robe adorns me, thy untainted honour; one costly jewel, my beloved child. (PHILIP enters.)

PHILIP.

If I intrude, forgive me. I was told you had ask'd for me.

ALBERT.

'Tis true, I did, good Philip; this day completes the year that I have held you a hostage for the allegiance of your father, my castellan of Belmont. Now go in peace, and greet him in my name.

PHILIP.

You have forgiv'n him wholly, noble sir—

ALBERT.

'Tis not my practice to forgive by halves.

PHILIP.

You've buried in oblivion his offence.—

ALBERT.

What I forgive I also can forget.

PHILIP.

So cannot I your most unbounded goodness.

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For

For life alone I am my father's debtor; for virtue, your's. You taught me how to prize it, and your example train'd me in the practice. My father's failings you have never mention'd in presence of his son. For this I thank you—'twas delicate, 'twas noble! But I can no more.—When feelings are so strong expression fails.

JOANNA.

Farewell, good Philip! Let us often see you.

PHILIP.

Oh, you are so great, so rich!—

JOANNA.

What's rich and great, that fortune can reverse? Let us be in your thoughts, as you in our's.

PHILIP.

To the last breath of life. Heaven and good angels guard you. *(Exit hastily.)*

ALBERT.

Worthy Philip! his heart is full; he never will forget us: and in the day of trouble, of whose coming I have an awful warning, I predict that grateful youth will be a friend to serve us. Hah! who comes here, with our old Warden, Wolf. *(WOLF brings in ROMUALD bound, between two foresters.)*

WOLF.

Bring him along.—Worshipful Lord, I've got him. We snapt this ugly fellow in the purlieus.

ALBERT.

Why did you so?

WOLF.

Look at his coat, I pray you; look at his badge—I wave all comments on his hang-dog face;

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face; I only say he wears Lazarra's livery; and therefore, catching him in the coat of a scoundrel, I humbly apprehend he cannot fail to be of the complexion of a rascal.

ALBERT.

That's but an outside argument, friend Wolf.

WOLF.

Sir, take which side you will of a convicted thief, and you shall find him still an arrant knave; for here's the case—this fellow lurks about, and hides in the thick woods; why does he so? Why but because the gallows stands in sight, and 'tis a pretty eye-trap he has no taste for, being a two-leg'd building without floors, the which who takes possession of is left to dangle and cut capers in the air.—I pray you, Sir, give him a lease for life of that same airy tenement; that sky-parlour.

ALBERT.

How long has it been my custom to condemn a man unheard? Let him speak for himself. Are you in the service of Lazarra?

ROMUALD.

I am.

JOANNA.

Where is your master?

ROMUALD.

That I don't know. I am on furlough.

WOLF.

You lie; you are in limbo.

ROMUALD.

Old Guntram is my uncle: I came hither to see him.

C 2

WOLF.

WOLF.

Old Guntram is an old fox, and if you are the child of his sister—(saying her ladyship's presence)—I take leave to tell you, you are the son of a strumpet.

ALBERT.

For shame! must your abuse sweep all his kindred?—What has Guntram done to deserve this of you?

WOLF.

Guntram's a cheat, an old litigious knave; he robb'd your father, and he cribs from you rood after rood, and in the dead of night alters the landmarks.

ALBERT.

Come, no more of this!

WOLF.

Nay, Sir, I have not half run out his roll. Guntram's a traitor, harbours rogues and runagates, javelin companions in Lazarra's pay, who carry within their shields wicked designs against your castle's peace.

ALBERT.

Lazarra is a knight; there's peace between us. I will not hold his servant—Set him free!

WOLF.

Well! if it must be so—untie him! There, get out! Give him the rope, however, for a keep-sake; he'll find an use for it ere long—Now, go your way—be sure you rob and pillage all you come near; you are turn'd out for that purpose and none other, Out! begone!

(Exit ROMUALD, guarded.)

Ah, my good Master, take an old man's word,
you

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you have too much of the good thing called Mercy.

ALBERT.

Then I've one one failing, Wolf, that thou art free from.

JOANNA.

Come, my dear Lord, I'll say that for our friend (which is the best that can be said for any man) he has an honest heart.

WOLF.

Thank you, Madam; you have said it just in time, or I must else have said it for myself; and of all the praise, that can be given me, I am least flatter'd by my own, and much the most by your's.
(*Exeunt severally.*)

SCENE changes to a Grove. ELOISA alone.

ELOISA.

No Philip, and broad day!—Fie on him, slug-gard! He, that loves truly, will be at his post before the bird of morning gives the alarm. Alas! for me, we only meet to part, and even that last comfort he denies me.

(*PHILIP, as he approaches, overhears her.*)

PHILIP.

No, my sweet Eloise, you do me wrong.

ELOISA.

May I do ever wrong when I accuse you! But why so tardy?

PHILIP.

I have been taking leave of my good friends at the castle—a melancholy duty.

ELOISA.

ELOISA.

And now of me—a light and easy task for you perhaps, but agony to me.

PHILIP.

Again you wrong me: doubt not my affection. Belmont is near; upon those glitt'ning cliffs my father's watch-tower stands: when the sun sets bright o'er the glassy lake, I'll take my cross-bow in pursuit of game, and visit my soul's treasure.

ELOISA.

When shall that be?

PHILIP.

The sooner for your wishes—perhaps to-morrow.

ELOISA,

Only perhaps—?

PHILIP.

Love must not banish duty.

ELOISA.

When shall I dare to say your love is duty?

PHILIP.

Never: True love knows not the name of duty.

ELOISA.

Will you think always so?—When I grow old?

PHILIP.

Love never can grow old.

ELOISA,

Years pass away,

PHILIP.

But Virtue is eternal—and thou art Virtue's self.

ELOISA,

ELOISA.

You are kind and partial to your Eloisa; but I well know my father does not please you.

PHILIP.

I must confess his manners do not please me. I would to Heaven my Eloisa were the humblest herdsman's daughter rather than Guntram's! Can it be in nature that soul like thine so tender, heart so pure, and manners so refin'd and elegant should spring from such a stock? Is he not shun'd by all the neighbours round, a petty tyrant, the oppressor of the poor?

ELOISA.

This may be true, but I ought not to hear it.

PHILIP.

Rich to excess, and grasping after more, he would sell any thing, ev'n thee, for gold. Forgive me, my sweet love, I have said too much—but when I know he harbours in his heart a base design to sacrifice thy charms to the first pander that will pay his price, I can no longer meet him as thy father, but must abhor and fly him as a pest.

ELOISA.

Ah! there he passes—See, he comes this way—Away, away! this path conceals you from him.

PHILIP.

Look, look! His troop of Myrmidons are with him; ev'n now he's plotting—You are here at home—Adieu! This hand—Oh when will it be mine?
(Exit hastily.)

ELOISA.

Adieu!—He's gone. I hope he has escap'd them.

them. Yes, yes; there waves his feather'd hat—
I see him. Heaven be with you! Heaven and
the angel of our love protect you! (Exit.)

*SCENE changes to a mountainous and romantic
country, peculiar to Swisserland, with practicable
passes, and a rude bridge thrown over a torrent.*

GUNTRAM, DARBONY, and armed Soldiers.

DARBONY.

I'll storm a castle; aye, or sack a city, but I'll
not scold a pretty girl as you do.

GUNTRAM.

Whom do I scold?

DARBONY.

Your daughter Eloisa; and you must know,
friend Guntram, it offends me.

GUNTRAM.

Well, if I do give her a word or two now and
then a little of the roughest—'tis a way I have:
She is used to it—Soft language would but spoil
her. Cats and women are of a sort; caress them
and they'll scratch you.

DARBONY.

You have a piece of spar under your ribs; your
heart is petrified.

GUNTRAM.

And if it is, I am the fitter to consort with you
and that bold knight Lazarra, who employs you.

DARBONY.

I'm no man's servant. I command a legion;
and if I fight, I fight for him that pays me with
plunder and free quarters.

GUNTRAM.

GUNTRAM.

Aye, marry, you make free enough wherever you find quarters : I wish you wou'd shift them somewhere else, my friend. The Lord of Thurn is better stock'd than I am : Why don't you pay a visit to his castle ?

DARBONY.

All in good time—be husht ! Lazarra comes.

(LAZARRA enters.)

LAZARRA.

It shall be so ! I will possess Joanna. Albert shall not engross her to himself.—Hah ! Darbony, my hero, call your foldiers. Give the loud bugle breath ; over the lake, across the valley, up the mountain's side let echo waft the blast, that sounds to arms.

DARBONY.

Sound, Ullo ; sound the bugle—louder yet—a louder blast.

(Bugle sounds.)

LAZARRA.

Soul of my father, how the signal cheers me !—Hence with this pilgrim's cowl ! Come forth, my sword ! (Throws off his pilgrim's habit, and appears in complete armour.)

Now, war ; now, vengeance, I am all thine own ! Hasten, bright Sun, and quench thy glowing beams ; come, mantled Midnight, cloak the conscious stars ! I have fire enough within my heart to

D

need

need no other torch but that which rage supplies.
—Why don't they rouse?—Why don't they
march and muster?—Where are they?

(A distant march is heard.)

Hark! I hear them; they are coming. Oh
glorious music; soul-inspiring strain! It swells,
it grows, it gathers on my ear—And look! they
come.

(A band of savage warriors assemble from all parts.)

LAZARRA.

Soldiers! and you that love a foldier's cause,
valiant adventurers in the field of glory; we go
to punish the proud Lord of Thurn, who keeps
immur'd a fair and noble lady, who by the laws
of chivalry is mine. What is more sacred than a
soldier's mistress? What sweeter to a rival than
revenge?

DARBONY.

Enough, Commander, so they do but fight,
they are not nice about the cause they fight
for.

LAZARRA.

Then are they comrades to my heart's con-
tent, made to command success and rule the
world. Call them to arms, and march! Sound
in their ears the animating charge, that screws
their courage to the true pitch, and ring out
Albert's knell!—To arms, to arms!

SONG

SONG *and* CHORUS.

DARBONY.

" To arms ! to arms ! our Leader cries—

" Lo, from the cavern'd earth we rise

" In terrible array :

" Where'er we march, a crimson flood

" Around us rolls of human blood,

" And ruin marks our way.

" Now tremble, Albert—Fortune veers ;

" Fate opens wide her ghastly sheers,

" Your life's last thread is spun :

" Impending o'er you hangs the sword ;

" Death only waits Lazarra's word

" To strike !—and it is done."

(Exeunt, marching.)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.



ACT II.

SCENE, the interior of a rocky cavern; LAZARRA, DARBONY, and armed soldiers, posted at the avenues of the cave.

LAZARRA.

THESE cliffs and hollows of the rock bespeak a country form'd for ambush and surprize. 'Tis now a truce 'twixt Albert and myself; if under this we find his castle open, as 'twas this morning, we've an easy conquest—if not, we must strike many a hard blow ere we win it; for, do him justice, Albert is a soldier. Our spies will soon be coming—and behold Reinhard and Ulric—Now, Sirs, what report you?

(REINHARD and ULRIC enter.)

REINHARD.

Every thing that can insure to you an easy conquest. We carried letters to the Lord of Thurn; we found the castle barriers open as in time of the profoundest peace; the drawbridge down, no warders at their posts, and none but one old servant, Wolf by name, who seem'd to entertain the slightest suspicion of our errand, and least of all the Lord of Thurn himself, who greeted us most kindly.

§

LAZARRA.

LAZARRA.

Confident dotard ! He sleeps his last night in Joanna's arms. The sun has dropt into the lap of ocean, and enterprizing darkness now befriends us—Call up your foldiers from their rocky den, and range them for their march ; you best can tell how to awaken and inspire their courage.

DARBONY.

" Soldier, foldier, wave your sword ;
" Give the sign, and pass the word !

SOLDIER.

" Order, order ! Comrades all—

" Rise and answer to the call !

(Soldiers enter and join in CHORUS.)

" We come, we come, we come,

" We need no beat of drum ;

" Watchful ever day and night,

" Ever ready for the fight,

" We never, never fly,

" We conquer or we die.

DARBONY.

" Athwart the forest dark and drear,

" With march that caution cannot hear.

" Slowly, slowly wind your way,

" No one lag, and no one stray,

" Silent all in close array,

" Slowly, slowly wind your way.

(CHORUS of Soldiers.)

" Captain, captain, stout and bold,

" Soldiers need not to be told,

" Only lead us to the booty,

" We are those that know our duty.

" Huzza, huzza ! we never fly,

" Huzza ! we conquer or we die !"

(Exeunt, marching.)

SCENE

SCENE changes to the castle of Thurn, moated, and the draw-bridge down, over which WOLF passes.

WOLF.

A plague upon this bridge for lying here at his full length over the sleepy moat! To my thoughts now it seems to cry—"Come, cross me!" I hope no man less honest than myself may take it at it's word. As times now go, let there be ever betwixt me and danger a good broad ditch, say I; but my wise master seems to forget that thirteen centuries are past and gone, since peace and charity were preach'd on earth. Oh Lord, oh Lord! how does it come to pass that honest men should be such easy gulls to live with scoundrels and keep open house! I'll coast about and listen.—Hark! what's that? 'Tis not a trumpet; no, nor yet a drum; but 'tis the clank of men that march in armour—Yes, yes, 'tis that—Click, click! just so my rapier jingles, when dangling in the slings it hits my cuirass.—Hoe! within there! Warders!—Up with the draw-bridge, down with the portcullis!—They come, they come! The castle is surpriz'd—Ring out the alarm-bell, ring!—

(He hurries over the bridge. The bell is rung.

LAZARRA and DARBONY rush in at the head of their troop.)

LAZARRA.

Destraction seize you! Stop that noisy bell. Charge! charge! my heroes, charge! and spare them not.

DARBONY.

Cut your way through! On, on, my hearts of gold!

LAZARRA.

LAZARRA.

Victoria, Victoria ! we have carried it.

(The assailants force the bridge and enter the castle. Albert's standard of the crown'd lion is pull'd down, and the black banner of the death's head hoisted in its place. Trumpets sound a charge meanwhile.)

ALBERT and WOLF sally.—*They force their passage over the bridge. One or two of the assailants fall under their swords.*

ALBERT.

Where is Lazarra ? Albert calls Lazarra.

WOLF.

Forward, brave Sir ! One sally and we're free.

ALBERT.

Come on, my hero ! I have hew'd my passage.
(Exit.)

WOLF.

So have not I.—*(he falls)* the slipping bridge betrayed me.—If you are soldiers, give a soldier quarter !

ULRIC.

Give him no quarter, comrades ! It is Wolf.

REINHARD.

Hold ! if 'tis Wolf, he's keeper of the treasure, and knows where it is buried.

WOLF.

That's what I do. Let me get up and shew you.—Ah ! my friend Reinhard, is it you ? That's well. We drank together scarce an hour
go.

ago. Send off these fellows, and you shall have all the ransom to yourself.

REINHARD.

Well, what do stop for? Leave me with my pris'ner. The castle is your own—the tap is running; your comrades will have drank up all the liquor.

(The rest withdraw and pass the bridge.)

WOLF.

And are not you dry too? come with me, friend! I'll shew you drink in plenty.

REINHARD.

Shew me money.

WOLF.

Oh!—very good! You wish to touch the treasure; you'd tap the strong box rather than the barrel. You are a wise man.

REINHARD.

About it quickly then. There is no time to lose.

WOLF.

Give me your arm. I am somewhat crippled with my unlucky tumble. This way, friend Reinhard. You'll never know what 'tis to want again.—Come o' this side. I'll shew you such a mine.—There, there it is.—Up to your chin in plenty! *(plunges REINHARD into the moat.)* You've got it, my fine fellow! drink your fill; make yourself welcome! Farewell, honest Reinhard!—May all the foes of Albert so be treated.

(Exit WOLF.)

SCENE

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SCENE changes. *A grand hall of Saxon architecture, in which there are trophies of armour, banners, &c.*

LAZARRA, DARBONY.

DARBONY.

Put up your sword. I greet you Lord of Thurn.

LAZARRA.

An easy victory.—Remove the wounded, and secure the prisoners. Go, see it done. Then we'll divide the plunder.—That's your object; love and revenge are mine. *(Exit DARBONY.)*
Now, now, Joanna, come and crown my triumph!

(JOANNA enters.)

JOANNA.

Lo, here I am! What would you with Joanna?

LAZARRA.

Your pilgrim is return'd.

JOANNA.

Let him avoid me. *(draws a dagger.)*

LAZARRA.

Arm'd! for what purpose? Is there need of arms, when your bright eyes command?

JOANNA.

Let them command you hence.

LAZARRA.

Is this my welcome? Thus do you pay your champion and avenger?

JOANNA.

I pay you all you merit—my aversion.

E

LAZARRA.

LAZARRA.

Come, come, I know you: trifle not with me. I know you are not Albert's wife in heart: 'tis but a compromise you make with duty; these are but fetters, which your parents forg'd—and thus I set you free. *(approaches her.)*

JOANNA.

Avaunt, blasphemer! This dagger sets me free, if you approach. Have you forgot from whom I am descended? Dishonour cannot taint a Montfaucon. The wife of Albert does not fear to die.

LAZARRA.

The lover of Joanna does not wish it. I come at peril of my life to break those chains, whose burden hangs so heavy on you; that death is less unwelcome than their weight.

JOANNA.

'Tis false. My husband is my crown of glory; thron'd in his bosom I defy your threats. Shame on your knighthood! recreant as you are, twice foil'd, twice vanquish'd in the lists by Albert; how like a coward do you now attack him, under the mask of a perfidious truce, for which his honest nature gave you credit; and free to face you as an open foe, made no defence against a secret robber.

LAZARRA.

Temper your anger, lest you call forth mine.

JOANNA.

Your anger cannot move even a woman; and is of all the passions that belong to you, your love excepted, what I most despise.

LAZARRA.

Insulting woman, you'll extort a secret which else in pity I had kept untold.

JOANNA.

In pity!—Tiger, who expects it from you? I saw my gallant husband force the bridge. I have no pity to implore for him; and for myself, whilst I command this weapon, I scorn to ask it.

LAZARRA.

You saw your husband force the bridge—

JOANNA.

I did.—I saw your lancemen fall beneath his sword.

LAZARRA.

And was that all you saw?

JOANNA.

What else was to be seen?

LAZARRA.

Did Albert slay my people, and receive no wounds from them? Is he invulnerable?

JOANNA.

Tormenter! Will you tell me he was wounded?

LAZARRA.

I should suppose so, when he fell,

JOANNA.

Fell! no. You torture me with apprehension. It was his brave old servant, Wolf, that fell.

LAZARRA.

Wolf fell, and rose again.—Your husband never.

JOANNA.

Ah! (*shrieks.*) Monster, murderer!—Vengeance

geance nerve my arm! This to your heart!
(strikes at him.)

LAZARRA.

You've miss'd it.—Ha! she faints!

(JOANNA sinks to the ground, and drops her dagger.)

I've gone too far: She loves him 'tis too plain.
 What shall I do? I dare not stir to help her;
 my very touch would kill her: lost, absorb'd,
 and all her senses gone, still, still she awes me.—
 'Tis said, that in the spot where saints are buried,
 some angel still keeps guard upon their bones;
 and if the man of blood approach, he dies: I am
 a man of blood; and tho' the wreck of beauty lies
 before me, prostrate, defenceless, I've no heart
 to harm her.—I'll hence, and call for help. Ho
 there! Within! *(Exit hastily. JOANNA revives.)*

JOANNA.

Where am I? Hah! Lazarra has escap'd me,
 and left me here, defenceless and unarm'd, robb'd
 of my last, my only sure resource! *(she rises.)* Oh
 Albert! Oh my husband! I had treasur'd your
 parting words:—"My wife knows how to die;
 "when all is lost, that can protect her honour"—
 All now is lost, for thou art gone for ever.—Ha!
 here are weapons.—Spirits of the just! guardians
 of virtue, aid me! *(attempts to pull down a sword
 from a pile of armour.)* Cruel sword! thou
 wilt not succour the sad wretch that needs thee:
 Thou art no hero's weapon; else my hand, weak
 tho' it is, had brought thee down to save me.
 One effort more.—Now, now, despair, assist me!
*(she dislodges a cluster, by which a sword and
 several lances fall.)*—'Tis done! 'tis done!
 the

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the angel of my rescue has nerv'd my arm to pull this trophy down, and offers to my view a choice of deaths. (*takes up a sword.*) And here I chuse. Come forth, thou trenchant blade! blush not to prove thyself the friend of virtue, tho' in a woman's grasp. Terrific weapon! whatever master own'd thee, I can warrant thou hast be-widow'd many a wretched wife; now vindicate the honour of a widow, and send her hence, to be a wife in Heaven. Now, Albert! now I come! (*as she is about to fall upon the sword, EUGENE enters, with her infant son.*)

EUGENE.

Turn, desperate mother! turn, and save thy son!

JOANNA.

My son! my son!—I live for thee, my son!
(*runs and catches him in her arms, and exit.*)

SCENE changes to a wild and broken view of forest and cliffs; on the summit of which, in a romantic situation, the watch-tower of Belmont Castle is seen.

ALBERT (*alone.*)

I'm wearied, and my armour weighs upon me heavier and heavier every step I take: my limbs too, stiffen, and my bruises throb. If I could reach those herdsmen on the mountain, I'd sooner trust my life with them than Wensel; tho' gratitude and duty both conspire to bind him to my service.—Hah! he comes.

(WENSEL enters to ALBERT.)

WENSEL.

Who art thou, stranger?

ALBERT.

ALBERT.

Dost thou not know me, Wensel?

WENSEL.

Albert! my Lord!—What brings my Lord alone, at this late hour, so far from his own castle?

ALBERT.

Wensel! 'tis now no time to feign surprize, Let us deal honestly, as man to man.

WENSEL.

Honestly, my Lord?

ALBERT.

Aye, sir, even so; sincerely,—When you had need of me, I was your friend; now I have need of you, will you be mine?

WENSEL.

Why am I doubted?

ALBERT.

You have fail'd me once.—

WENSEL.

You kept my son in pledge a twelvemonth for it.

ALBERT.

I sent him home to you.

WENSEL.

You did.

ALBERT.

Where is he?

WENSEL.

At home; if so, I may presume to speak of Belmont, which is your's.

ALBERT.

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ALBERT.

If mine it is, let Belmont give protection to it's owner; for tho' you ask me why so far from Thurn, I must believe you know that Thurn is lost, my wife a prisoner, my son a slave, myself a fugitive, the earth my bed, Heaven's canopy my roof. This if you knew, why have you not assembled your retainers to rescue those dear pledges from their danger? But if you knew it not, I tell you now, Lazarra is the villain who has robb'd me.

WENSEL.

All this, my Lord, I do confess I knew, and had a prudent foresight of your ruin, as you shall see—Hoa ! Forresters come forth.

(armed men appear.)

ALBERT.

How's this ? In ambush, Wensel ? What intend you ?

WENSEL.

There, my good Lord, you see we have not slept : we are not improvident, but meet the times, as the times should be met, forewarn'd, forearm'd.

ALBERT.

Is Philip amongst these ? Set him before me ; then I shall know you are with me true and loyal.

WENSEL.

You was pleas'd to say but now, I had fail'd you once : I neither fail'd you once, nor ever will. I then was, what consistently I still am, and ever will be, your determin'd foe.

ALBERT.

ALBERT.

Wensel, remember I forgave you.

WENSEL.

Yes; your vanity forgave me, but your pride shew'd to the world that you had power to punish; and that my spirit never will forgive. You made my son your hostage, haughty Lord; now you are mine—arrest him!

(They close upon ALBERT and seize him.)

ALBERT.

Oh! thou villain!

WENSEL.

Yes, you may call me villain; I'll not stop the clamour of your tongue, because your railing shews me how very far you are debas'd from every manly character; begone! I am asham'd of you. Take him away.

(He is carried off, follow'd by WENSEL. Exeunt.)

(WOLF slowly enters, looks around, and listens.)

WOLF.

Methought I heard the buzzing sound of voices.—No, 'tis a vile inhospitable desert. If I cou'd jump now on a snug warm cottage, a mess of milk and a clean truss of straw, 't would be a blessed chance; but no, no, no: These mountaineers would break my neck to catch 'em, and when I've caught 'em, they'll not break my fast.—There's Wensel's watch tower! The devil watch him. I have too much respect for this old carcase, tho' bruis'd and batter'd by Lazarra's cut-throats, to trust it in his keeping, ugly thief! —If my poor master falls into his hands, he might

as well have fallen in the moat.—Good night to him.—Holla ! By'r Lady, who is this old fellow ? —Your blessing, father !

(The HERMIT enters.)

HERMIT.

Heaven's grace be with you !

WOLF.

Amen to your grace ! Now if you'll serve up supper, and say, "Sit down with me !" I am your man.

HERMIT.

Who and what are you ?

WOLF.

Not a swallow, friend, to feed on flies; nor aameleon to live on air; but a poor hungry man, infinite weary, and tolerably honest—therefore do you see, if your pot boils and you're in haste for supper, sooner than let it cool, I'll make one with you.

HERMIT.

My cell is poorly furnish'd for the hungry; yet is the stranger welcome—Heaven forbid, I, that am fed by charity, should lack the thing I live by !

WOLF.

Right ! you take it rightly : you read your bible with a proper comment, and are a very sensible old gentleman—I wish your table may be as well provided as your understanding.

HERMIT.

My fare is like my fortune, poor and humble.

WOLF.

Heaven mend your fortune, and fortune mend
F your

your fare ! I now perceive, grave Sir, you are the Hermit so famous in these parts for your piety and learning : I will not trouble you on these points at present, being just now in greater need of food and rest than hymns and homilies.

HERMIT.

First tell me, are you not of Wenfel's company ?

WOLF.

Indeed I am not : 'Tis the last company I would wish to be in.

HERMIT.

Do you belong to Guntram or Lazarra ?

WOLF.

If I belong'd to either you shou'd hang me. I belong to Albert, Lord of Thurn—Wolf at your service—so I am call'd by name ; I am not such by nature.

HERMIT.

Your name I have often heard ; and ever grac'd with commendations of your character : Your master I am a stranger to.

WOLF.

Indeed ! Where have you liv'd ? His charities are pretty well known.

HERMIT.

I have heard of them ; they are gone to Heaven before him.

WOLF.

Truly I fear he'll shortly follow them, for when we parted he was on his way, and had but barely got the start of death : As for my part, I was thrown out of the race, being down in battle,
with

with half a score of rapiers at my throat, expecting every moment my quietus; but this, good father, is a soldier's story, and only should be told over a can.

HERMIT.

Come on then, you shall have the can, my friend, and I the story; for I love a soldier. I dwell no further off than in that rock, and have employ'd no architect but nature—So we poor hermits are content to live.

WOLF.

I know what sort of tenements your's are, and how you live scot-free, under the wind, and pay no rent except to Providence, on whose account you garnish out your lodgings with mementoes, that mark the tenure under which you hold: But all your skulls and bones won't break my rest; Death is to me no stranger; I've seen him in all shapes; in all his terrors; and know his face too well to fear his picture.

(*Exeunt.*)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.



ACT III.

(A Chamber in the Castle of Thurn. LAZARRA, An Attendant.)

ATTENDANT,

WENSEL, your castellan of Belmont, waits,

LAZARRA.

Admit him.—Wensel is an useful villain.

(Exit Attendant.)

(WENSEL enters.)

WENSEL.

Joy to the brave Lazarra! On my knee I pay my homage to the Lord of Thurn.

(attempts to kneel, LAZARRA prevents him.)

LAZARRA.

I scarce can say if I am Lord of Thurn, till Albert's taken. He, that tells me that, will be indeed a friend.

WENSEL.

That friend am I; I have him in safe hold.

LAZARRA.

Off with his head! So all is safe, and you are Lord of Belmont.—You and your heirs for ever.

WENSEL.

I take you at a word,—He dies this night.

LAZARRA.

LAZARRA.

And I am in Joanna's arms to-morrow—so goes he to his Heaven, and I to mine.

WENSEL.

You'll have some struggles to encounter first.

LAZARRA.

And who has not that has to do with woman?—Have you aught else; for time is precious with me?

WENSEL.

No more but to remind you of your promise.

LAZARRA.

That's sacred—so let your engagement be.—But to remove all scruples,—on my sword swear you will send me Albert's head to-morrow.

(draws his sword.)

WENSEL.

I swear, and with a kiss confirm my oath.

LAZARRA.

And if you keep it not, you kiss your death.

(Exeunt severally.)

(Scene the same as at the conclusion of the first Act.)

(HERMIT and WOLF.)

WOLF.

Father, I thank you: I have eat, and drank, and slept away my cares beneath your roof. You've made your house of rock, but not your heart; and if I live to see the happy day, when Thurn shall welcome her true Lord again, your scrip shall never want a hermit's dole.

HERMIT.

HERMIT.

If ever that day comes, I shall not ask it.

WOLF.

In truth you need not, for my noble master hath too much of the virtue of benevolence in himself, not to acknowledge it in other people.

HERMIT.

I've simply done my duty; that's no praise.

WOLF.

In a degenerate world it is some praise. There are, who have abundance, and yet want; you live in poverty, and have to spare. Now, father, fare thee well! I'll to the hills, and see what metal hearts are made of there: If this Lazarra, and his foreign cut-throats, are to insult our nation, seize our castles, and live at large upon us, farewell, freedom! I'll rather fly my country, and turn Jew, than be a Swiss and own myself a slave. *(Exit.)*

HERMIT.

Oh! lov'd Helvetia, Oh my native country! How long, ye sons of freedom, will ye suffer these foreign hypocrites to dwell amongst you? When they affect to embrace you as their brethren, they meditate to throw their chains about you, and make you bondsmen; under the pretence of moderation, they would fain conceal monstrous ambition, lust insatiable of universal power, and pride so vast, that having vow'd eternal enmity to earthly kings, they impiously assail the throne of Heaven, and rather than confess a greater than themselves, deny their God.

(ELOISA enters, carrying a basket.)

ELOISA.

ELOISA.

Father !

HERMIT.

My Child !

ELOISA.

Are you not angry with me for tarrying so long ? I ran to you at last and brought you something. Are you not hungry, poor old man ?

HERMIT.

Not so : thy charity forestalls my wants.

ELOISA.

I shou'd have been with you an hour ago, for that's the hour my father takes his nap.

HERMIT.

Dares beneficence then only wake when Guntram is sleeping ?

ELOISA.

Alas-a-day, there is sad news abroad. Have you not heard the doings at Thurn Castle ?

HERMIT.

I have, my child.

ELOISA.

That vile Lazarra is the worst of men, and so is Darbony, and so is Wensel—aye, and some others, but I name no names. All hearts bleed for the good Lady Joanna ; and as for Lord Albert, he's the best of men.

HERMIT.

I do not know Lord Albert.

ELOISA.

That is much. All poor men know him, for he loves the poor.

HERMIT.

HERMIT.

The Lord reward him !

ELOISA.

He gave to those that hunger'd : he himself
hungers in chains. Alas ! I pity him.

HERMIT.

Yes, human sufferings strike our hearts with
pity ; and oft we wonder at the ways of Providence,
that thus permits good men to be oppress'd ; but
whilst we only reason from effects, Heaven acts
from causes unreveal'd to us.

ELOISA.

Ah, father ! these are things above my reach :
I have not understanding of these matters ; but
believe it all because you say it. You may have
known variety of fortune ; I've no experience of
that sort : my life has been a scene of uniform
depression. I've often ask'd the history of your
days, but you've no confidence in me to tell it.

HERMIT.

'T will give you pain ; why should you wish to
hear it ?

ELOISA.

The tender pain that pity gives, is pleasing.

HERMIT.

I have seen better days, been rich and noble ;
and all the soft affinities, so dear to human nature,
I have fondly cherish'd ! Heaven's mercy gave
them ; cruel man destroy'd them !

ELOISA.

Ah, poor unfortunate ! you've been a fa-
ther—

HERMIT.

A DRAMATIC ROMANCE.

41

HERMIT.

I have ; and when you call me by that name, the recollection that I had a daughter, who might have been the blessing of my age ; this, this, my child, pulls at my heart-strings !—and when I wou'd speak, at thy desire, I cannot—I am stifled !

ELOISA.

Then I will never ask it more.—And now behold my father, and that odious Darbony.—Retire into that grotto, good old man ! and take your basket with you : harbour there till they are gone.—I would not have them see you.

(HERMIT retires.)

(GUNTRAM and DARBONY enter.)

GUNTRAM.

There, there she is ! Now you shall hear me speak as softly to her as the zephyr blows : Child, this is Darbony, a wealthy knight ; a gentleman of Florence : one whose sword has carv'd him out a fortune by the wars, that well may warrant him to say, to any the best and proudest spinster in the land—"Come forth, and be my bride !"

ELOISA.

Well, let him say it to any ; so it is not to me.

GUNTRAM.

How now ! do you rebel ? Do you murmur, faucy chit ? I've said the word ; the bond is sign'd and seal'd : you marry him this night. You see I am calm ; you see I take a gentle course of persuasion with you : but have a care how you chafe me ; take heed how you anger

G

me !

me ! By all that's terrible, if you hold off, I'll have you dragg'd to the altar.

DARBONY.

Softly, friend Guntram ! there you go too fast. You are old and harsh ; your daughter's young and gentle.

GUNTRAM.

Aye, tell her so ! You are a notable lover ; and she'll tell you she is too young to marry you. She'd not say that to me, if I propos'd Philip of Belmont, neighbour Wensel's son : not she, not she ; she'd jump into his arms.—But she shall know these shuffling pleas won't pass : she's your's this very night.—Hav'nt I said the word ?

DARBONY.

Yes, you have *said* the word ; but when the theme is love, we hold it as the better way to *sing* it :

“ In spring's sweet prime the op'ning flow'r
 “ Allures the roving bee ;
 “ And is not beauty's vernal hour
 “ The hour for love and thee ?
 “ For, like the bee, love's archer leaves
 “ His honey with the dart ;
 “ And she, who feels the wound, receives
 “ A sweet, that heals the smart.”

GUNTRAM.

There, there, you lucky girl ! you've got husband, whose very voice is harmony itself.

(ELOISA draws near the grotto where the
 HERMIT is.)

ELOISA.

Oh ! if, unseen, my guardian Genius hears,
 and

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and pities my distress, to Belmont let him fly,
and tell my Philip—without his instant rescue I
am lost.

GUNTRAM.

What's that you mutter? Get you home;
be gone! and, son in law, you wait upon your
bride.—I'll follow in the rear. Unruly brat!

(Exit DARBONY and ELOISA.)

*(As GUNTRAM is going out, the HERMIT comes
forth.)*

HERMIT.

Father of Eloisa, turn, and hear me!

GUNTRAM.

Now, what's the matter? Do you come to
beg?

HERMIT.

To beg indeed—to implore, for pity's sake—

GUNTRAM.

Well; come to-morrow; there'll be scraps
in plenty to fill your wallet, if you come to-
morrow.

HERMIT.

'Tis not for scraps; tis mercy, and not meat,
for which I hunger.—Oh, for Heaven's sweet
sake, recal the cruel sentence you have pass'd,
and do not force this marriage on your daughter.

GUNTRAM.

Pooh! you to talk! a hermit!—Get you
gone! You're craz'd; you're foolish: go
about your business. *(Exit GUNTRAM.)*

HERMIT.

Perfession's lost upon him, sordid wretch!—
“To Belmont let him fly”—those were her
words—

words—"And tell my Philip"—there is all her hope. Wou'd I could execute her swift command, and fly to save her! but though slow with age, I will be quick in zeal, and never part with Philip till I bring him to her rescue.

(Exit.)

SCENE changes to a stately Gothic Hall in the Castle of Belmont. PHILIP is passing the stage, WENSEL follows and calls to him.)

WENSEL.

Why do you fly the company?

PHILIP.

The company, my father!—the assassins.

WENSEL.

Infolent boy!

PHILIP.

Will you betray your friend, and after murder him? Oh conscience, conscience! speak to the heart of this unhappy man in the still voice of pity.

WENSEL.

Canting pedant, chill not the noble ardour of my soul, when the wine revels in my kindling veins, and my heart bounds with joy.

PHILIP.

Wine may confound and suffocate the feelings for a while; but when the mad delusive dream is past, and reason shows you where such dreams must end, then will your cry be turn'd aside from Heaven, and like the unhallow'd sacrifice of Cain, prophetic of your doom, sink down abhorr'd, rejected, and accurst.

WENSEL.

WENSEL.

No more of this! be dumb!

PHILIP.

Forbid me not. Silence will come too soon:
Old age hangs over you, and the dark hour of
death approaches—

WENSEL.

If death is near, beware how you provoke it.
Hence, be gone!

PHILIP.

Can nothing make you tremble?

WENSEL.

Yes, my anger.

PHILIP.

Why do you bear this enmity to Albert?
Why, but because he spar'd you, he forgave you,
sent back your son, and trusted to your honour?

WENSEL.

The more fool he, who first forgives a foe,
and after trusts him.

PHILIP.

Ah, if such are fools, woe to your wisdom!

WENSEL.

Woe to thee, thou insolent, who dar'st to hold
this language to thy father!

PHILIP.

My father! No, if you embrue your hands
in Albert's blood, I will not call you father;
I will not meet the curse that is entail'd upon
the son of such an impious father.

WENSEL.

Give me a sword! This is too much to bear—
My sword, my sword!

(ALBERT

(ALBERT is brought in fetter'd and guarded.)

PHILIP.

Behold, here comes the man, in whose accusing presence when you stand at the great day, nor sword nor shield shall save you, nor darkness cover you, nor caverns hide.—Ah, noble Sir!

(Takes ALBERT sorrowfully by the hand, who embraces him, and walking up to WENSEL, looks him steadily in the face.)

WENSEL.

Why do you look at me? Take off your eyes.

PHILIP.

Oh conscience, conscience, how thou art abash'd! Never did mine produce, or mortal forge, weapon so sharp as the soul-searching eye of scornful virtue fixt on its oppressor.

WENSEL.

What do you mean by this contemptuous silence? The axe is sharpen'd, and the hand is ready, that severs your proud head this very night.

PHILIP.

Then hear, oh hear me, thou avenging Power! If any lift his hand against the life of that just man, whose virtues have betray'd him, Guardian of innocence, with instant death strike, strike the murderer, whoe'er he be! (kneeling.)

WENSEL.

Stop, parricide! the death you call is present.—Albert, you die this night—few hours are left you. Lazarra dooms your death—Take him away!

(WENSEL is fainting.)

PHILIP.

PHILIP.

Hold, for a moment hold!—Look to my father—He faints! support him! See, the hand of Heaven is visibly upon him—bear him off; I'll follow to his chamber. (*They take WENSEL off, fainting.*) When you behold this judgment, can you doubt if Heaven forbids you to attempt the life of that good man? Guards, set your prisoner free!

OFFICER.

Mistake us not, young Sir! Your father's fit don't fright us from our duty; we shall hold him with double diligence now, as we must answer it with our lives to Lazarra.

ALBERT.

Philip, 'tis all in vain. We part for ever.

PHILIP.

I cannot part from you; we'll die together.

ALBERT.

No, Philip; if Joanna yet survives, live for her sake; live for my infant son. Tell my sad widow that I left this world convinc'd of her fidelity, and died beseeching Heaven to bless her, pouring out with my last breath my thanks for all the hours of my past happiness by her bestow'd—Tell her, the hope she cherish'd in her sickness, supported me in the last pangs of death—the pious hope that in a better world the reparation of our faithful love, made pure and perfect, will compose a part of that beatitude, which heart of man cannot conceive, and only Heaven can give.—My last farewell, and blessing to my son!—He is too young to know—but time may come,

come, when you shall tell him——Ah! I can no more——

(A groan is heard from WENSEL's chamber.)

PHILIP.

Hark! hark! a groan, and from my father's chamber. By the great Power that made me, I will bury this dagger in his heart: that stops my passage, or dares to follow me.

(enters the chamber.)

ALBERT.

Philip, beware! Remember 'tis your father.

OFFICER.

Keep fast the prisoner! I command you hold him, as you shall answer it to our Lord Lazarra.

ALBERT.

Fear not a rescue; we've no arms to force you; nor have you hearts that can be touch'd by pity. My fears were for my friend, left in the tyrant he forgot a father.

OFFICER.

We are not careful what becomes of Wensel; we are Lazarra's servants; and for Philip, let him look to himself; we think not of him.

ALBERT.

You talk and act exactly as they shou'd, who serve a master brutal as Lazarra.

(PHILIP returns.)

Oh! Philip, Philip, if you've rais'd your hand against your father's life—

PHILIP.

PHILIP.

Nature forbid paternal blood shou'd ever stain this hand. My father lives, but death's precursor sleep falls deep and heavy on his morbid sense.

OFFICER.

Come, Sir, you must to prison:

PHILIP.

Aye, aye, to prison in the western tower.

OFFICER.

No, in the eastern tower, where the chain of rocks begins.

PHILIP.

You're right, you're right; 'tis from the eastern tower the chain of rocks begins.—And how long is it to his execution?

OFFICER.

From this to midnight.

PHILIP.

That will soon be here:—It is but right he had an hour for prayer.

ALBERT.

What do you mean? I do not understand you.

PHILIP.

Alone, alone—that cannot be denied you.
(*aside.*)

OFFICER.

If the Lord Albert wishes to be left to his devotions, I can have no objection to his praying, my only business is to prevent him from escaping.

PHILIP.

Then go, Lord Albert, go to your prison.

H

ALBERT.

ALBERT.

Will you part without taking a last farewell of me?

PHILIP.

I'll see you again.

(In a whisper, as he embraces him.)

ALBERT.

In Heaven!—Farewell.

(PHILIP watches him as he departs, then takes the keys from his bosom.)

PHILIP.

Now, Albert, I am arm'd for thy deliverance. These keys command the passes of the castle—And if it be thy will, O Providence, to appoint me to this work, and render these thy implements of mercy, let thy sleep seal up the senses of my wretched father, till I have done the deed. Hah! who art thou?

(the Hermit enters as Philip was going out.)

What do you want, old man! no one comes here: go, go, begone! my father is asleep.

HERMIT.

I do not want your father: If you are Philip, my business is with you.

PHILIP.

I am Philip, but I can't hear your business—you must defer your business till to-morrow.

HERMIT.

Impossible. To-morrow it wou'd be too late.

PHILIP.

No matter. I'm in haste, in pressing haste.

HERMIT.

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HERMIT.

So am I.

PHILIP.

What then ; what then ? Life hangs upon my
haste.

HERMIT.

So does it upon mine ; an innocent life, a life
more dear to Philip than his own—Your Eloisa—

PHILIP.

Heaven preserve my senses !

HERMIT.

Is lost to you for ever—sold, surrendered, and
sacrific'd this night by her unnatural father—

PHILIP.

How ! to whom ?

HERMIT.

To Darbony.

PHILIP.

The monster ! will he devote his daughter to
that dæmon—that Moloch bath'd in blood.

HERMIT.

Too sure he will. The father and the fiend will
drag their beauteous victim to the altar ere mid-
night bell is toll'd.—Poor Eloisa rests her last
hope on thee.

PHILIP.

On me !

HERMIT.

On thee she calls—to thee she turns for help
—she summons thee to save her ; 'tis from her,
a weak but willing messenger, I come.—In her

H 2

despair

despair she cried, "Go tell my Philip, without his instant rescue I am lost."

(*PHILIP takes the keys from his breast, looks at them, wrings his hands in despair, and returns them to their place.*)

What does that action mean? Why do you tarry? Are you not Philip, or am I mistrusted?

PHILIP.

You are not mistrusted, and I—I am Philip.

HERMIT.

Then follow me at once; it is high time.

PHILIP.

Yes, 'tis high time.

HERMIT.

And we have far to go.

PHILIP.

Oh! choice of horrors! Turn my heart, just Heaven, where honour, truth, and virtue shou'd direct it! load not thy feeble creature past his bearing, but by my weakness measure thy temptation.

HERMIT.

What is the matter? Whence is your distress?

PHILIP.

Thou art the messenger of Eloisa, therefore I tell thee, that within this castle the noble Albert languishes in chains. He is my benefactor, my instructor, my first, my best of friends, my more than

than father. Here in my hand is liberty for Albert ; a secret passage, which these keys command, leads him to safety—if I lose one hour, 'twill be too late ; at midnight he must die ; in the same moment, when the cruel father of Eloisa sacrifices her, my father murders him. Can I desert him ? No, no, I cannot. Let me do this deed to make me worthy Eloisa's love, then I will set her free, or die in the attempt. Go, go ; I cannot follow thee ; depart ! Heaven at this trying crisis will send forth its angel to protect her—I cannot ; love wou'd make me a murderer if I did.

(The HERMIT wrings his hands, and with a sorrowful expression looks up to Heaven.)

(Scene drops.)

END OF THE THIRD ACT,



ACT IV.

A View of GUNTRAM's House, with the adjacent Country.

HERMIT *enters.*

NOW Providence inspire me to redeem this victim of a mercenary father! Helpless myself, and disappointed of Philip's help, I must proceed by stratagem, and leave the cause to sanctify the means—Hah, here he comes. Save you, Sir! (GUNTRAM *comes from his house.*)

GUNTRAM.

That is as much as to say, 'Give me a hand-sel for my benediction.'—I see, in spite of the advice you gave me, you are coming to the wedding.

HERMIT.

Pardon me, Sir! I'm going to the burial.

GUNTRAM.

What do you mean? Do you suppose I'm dying.

HERMIT.

No, but Lord Albert is—covered with wounds, he is dying in my cell.

GUNTRAM.

Don't talk of wounds: I hate to hear of them. What is all this to me?

HERMIT,

HERMIT.

As you shall make it—every thing, or nothing.
He calls for you most eagerly.

GUNTRAM.

He may call long enough before I'll come.

HERMIT.

I told him so; but nothing cou'd appease him
—See you he must; and were you not a man to
spurn at money, 'twou'd be worth your while.

GUNTRAM.

Who says I spurn at money? I love money.

HERMIT.

Jewels are money's-worth, and these Lord Albert has brought off in plenty: they're very rich, and knowing you a safe and prudent man, he wishes to entrust them to your keeping.

GUNTRAM.

Aye! who believes you? let me see the jewels.

HERMIT.

Here is a sample. Look upon this ring.

GUNTRAM.

By'r lady, a rich gem, a peerless ruby; but this I never saw upon his finger.

HERMIT.

You know the bearings of the house of Thurn.
What did Lord Albert wear upon his banner?

GUNTRAM.

A crowned lion.

HERMIT.

Right! 'Tis a crowned lion—Turn the stone, and there you see it—Now will you believe it is the signet of the Lord of Thurn?

GUNTRAM.

GUNTRAM.

I do believe it.

HERMIT.

Make haste then, and attend him in my cell.

GUNTRAM.

Where is your cell?

HERMIT.

Lo, where it hangs upon the craggy peak of yonder mountain, like an eagle's aerie.

GUNTRAM.

Yes, but I am no eagle to fly to it.

HERMIT.

Then send a nimbler messenger—your daughter—Whom can you trust so well?

GUNTRAM.

You're craz'd, methinks—My daughter is upon the point of marriage.

HERMIT.

And Albert on the point of death!—Consider, your daughter may return before she's called for, and these jewels will be a rich deposit in your hands.

GUNTRAM.

That's true, that's true. Why didn't you bring 'em with you?

HERMIT.

I have brought one; the rest he would not trust in any hands but your's or Eloisa's.

GUNTRAM.

I rather wonder he should fix on me.

HERMIT.

Oh, Sir, your character—

GUNTRAM.

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GUNTRAM.

Yes, yes; my character, I grant you, stands strong in affairs of trust; but then I doubted if Albert saw it in the light that you do.

HERMIT.

Correctly in the same. Come, where's your daughter? Time flies, and Albert languishes the whilst.

GUNTRAM.

Hoa! Eloisa! Eloisa! you are wanted.

(ELOISA comes from the house.)

ELOISA.

What is your pleasure?

GUNTRAM.

Take my ebony box, and follow this good hermit to his cell; he'll tell you of the business by the way—Make haste; dispatch!

ELOISA.

Inform me! What is this?

(Aside to the HERMIT.)

HERMIT.

Hush! ask no questions—instantly obey!

ELOISA.

Implicitly—thou art my guardian angel.

GUNTRAM.

Come in! A cup of rhenish will recruit you.

(Goes towards the house.)

HERMIT. *(aside.)*

Now, Fortune speed us! Avarice, for once thou hast befriended virtue—and I thank thee.

(Follows GUNTRAM into the house.)

I

SCENE

SCENE changes to the Saxon Hall in the Castle of Thurn.

(EUGENE enters.)

What a change is here in one night's time from happy to unhappy ! Never again shall I see such a day as yesterday. If, as 'tis said, my noble master's kill'd, alas for my poor lady ! What will become of her ? And when she's lost, all's lost to me ; I have no friend but her—

“ My father is gone to his grave,
 “ My mother cares little for me ;
 “ Her love to another she gave,
 “ I was wretched, as wretched cou'd be.

“ Upon the wide world I was cast,
 “ A poor little fatherless boy ;
 “ But fortune relented at last,
 “ And my sorrow was turn'd into joy.

“ I am page to a lady so kind,
 “ A lady so loving to me ;
 “ Such joy in her service I find,
 “ I was happy, as happy could be.

“ But those happy hours are gone by,
 “ Our pleasure is turn'd into pain ;
 “ All is sorrow around me, and I,
 “ Once so wretched, am wretched again.”

(JOANNA enters.)

JOANNA.

Eugene !

EUGENE.

My Lady !

JOANNA.

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JOANNA.

That's a mournful song.

EUGENE.

Aye, Madam, and a melancholy songster.

JOANNA.

You are young, and will forget your sorrows.

EUGENE.

If Providence shall take my senses from me before it takes my life, I may forget them; not else.

JOANNA.

Then how shou'd I?

EUGENE.

Lady, I went up to the tower this morning by the first peep of day, and I do think I spied our brave old warden, Wolf, under the walls.

JOANNA.

Child, 'tis impossible; I saw him fall. Wolf died, as I shall die, for his dear lord.

EUGENE.

Indeed, indeed! I cou'd not be deceiv'd. Methought he saw me too, and made a sign, as if to call me down.

JOANNA.

You are mistaken. Wolf, by a noble death, has finish'd a long course of faithful service. Now go and ask permission for my child to visit his sad mother—Hah! the tyrant. (*Exit EUGENE.*)

(*LAZARRA enters.*)

LAZARRA.

May I approach? and will Joanna deign to say what homage her true knight can pay to commend his suit? What will she ask?

I 2

JOANNA.

JOANNA.

Favours from you, the murderer of my husband, I never thought to ask—Yet there is one,

LAZARRA.

Name it; command it.

JOANNA.

It is only one, Let there be dug a grave where Albert fell, and in the spot, made sacred by his blood, let me be buried,

LAZARRA.

Was there but one man in the peopled earth, for whom Joanna will consent to live? I'll hope there is—I trust she will prefer life in the conqueror's arms, to a cold grave with a dead corpse beside her.

JOANNA.

Break, break, my heart!

LAZARRA.

Nay, if you weep, it will not: The heart that melts in tears will never break.

JOANNA.

This raillery shows a nature so debas'd, that ev'n your cruelty has not one cast of manliness about it, but aspires to nothing more than to insult a woman, and make a widow's agonies your jest.

LAZARRA.

Be pacified! This castle still is your's; it has but chang'd its master: all is your's—all that is mine, and all that has been Albert's.

JOANNA.

Away! I would prefer the vilest dungeon, whose pestilential vapour, fraught with death,
8 should

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should be so fatal that you dare not enter, to freedom, where I must inhale the air that you have breath'd.

LAZARRA.

You've said enough. 'Tis done. I shall not meet aversion so decided, like a tame lover—I will be your master. (*EUGENE appears at the side scene, with JOANNA's child.*)

Take hence that brat! He shall not enter here.

JOANNA.

May I not see my child?

LAZARRA,

No, you may not. Because you tauntingly pronounce my sight so hateful, that the blast of death wou'd be more welcome, I'll henceforth provide, that if you ever let the light of Heaven visit your eyes, you shall behold Lazarra. I'll have a score of painters set to work, and hang my portrait up in every chamber through which you pass, 'till the detested image of him whose presence taints the genial air shall be so everlastingly impress'd on your mind's eye, in darkness you shall see it; in solitude, in sleep, I still will haunt you, nor shall the grave itself conceal me from you.—Now follow me, proud dame! Do you rebel?—Move, or my guards shall drag you—Hah! 'tis well! I will not quit you, Tho' my passing shadow, where it fell on you, blister'd your fair flesh, I will not bait one atom of your penance.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE

(SCENE changes to a romantic View, where the Hermit's Cave is discovered.—WOLF marches in with a party of Mountaineers rudely armed. A quick March is play'd.)

LEADER OF THE MOUNTAINEERS.

- “ Come on, my hearts, come on !
 “ The work will soon be done :
 “ Let all be staunch; and none be shy;
 “ Let all men fight and no man fly,
 “ The victory must be won—
 “ Come on, my hearts, come on !
 “ When the battle is o’er we’ll be jolly,
 “ For to sigh is but madness and folly;
 “ Old flingo shall swim
 “ In black-jack to the brim,
 “ And we’ll drink away dull melancholy,
 “ Hark, hark, the thund’ring drum
 “ Roars out ’tis time to come,
 “ For all that die the priest shall pray,
 “ While those that live keep holiday.
 “ Hark, hark, the thund’ring drum !
 “ Come on, my heroes come !
 “ When the battle is o’er, &c. &c.”

WOLF.

Hear me, my good men of the mountains ;
 hearken ! A long story I shall not tell you, for
 I am not fond of talking ; and because I hate ly-
 ing I will tell you no story at all.—This same La-
 zarra is a foreign scoundrel, a stranger to our na-
 tion, and no Swiss. He has no business here :
 What does he come for ? I’ll tell you what—for
 plunder—to drive you out of your cabins, as he
 has drove the worthy Lord of Thurn out of his
 castle—Will you suffer it ?

MOUN.

MOUNTAINEER.

No, no, we will not—we'll revenge Lord Albert.

WOLF.

I knew you wou'd; I knew you were true Swifs, and wou'd not let those villainous interlopers tread in your lovely fnows, and track your pleasant mountains, where nothing grows but icicles and liberty.—Lord love you, you remember poor old Wolf; you have the fteam of the caſtle kitchen ſtill in your noſtrils, and know I was not the Wolf at the door to keep you out, but to invite you in—You bear all this in mind; I know you do.

MOUNTAINEER.

We do, my maſter, therefore ſay no more, but march!

WOLF.

Oh yes; I'll march—Lazarra pays the piper, ſo ſtrike up! We hav'nt got the true ſtep, but no matter: We'll trot, and our enemies ſhall gallop.

(Exeunt, marching.)

(PHILIP is ſeen aſcending from the Subterranean. He aſſiſts Lord ALBERT, and they come forward.)

PHILIP.

My Lord, my Lord, where are you? reach your hand; I've found the paſſage; the freſh air ſalutes us, and the bright moon ſubſcribes her friendly beam.—Welcome to liberty.

ALBERT.

My brave deliverer, come to my heart.

PHILIP.

It is the proudeſt aim of my ambition to be near your heart. But you are faint, the ſubterranean damps hang on you ſtill. Within this cave

cave you'll find repose and shelter ; enter it, my Lord. I will ascend the heighths, kindle a fire, and bring the mountaineers to your assistance.

ALBERT.

Thanks, gallant youth ! a faintness steals upon me ; I must confess to you I need repose.—Ah, Philip, to be torn from those we love dearer than life, and in the hour of danger, by strong necessity driven to desert them, judge how it wrings my heart !

PHILIP.

I do—I judge, I feel it by my own.—No more ; but enter. (*ALBERT enters the Hermit's cave.*) Oh Eloisa ; 'tis thy cause no less than Albert's, that gives wings to my impatience.

(*Exit hastily.*)

(*HERMIT with ELOISA.*)

HERMIT.

Here is my cell. We'll take a short repose, and then resume our flight.

ELOISA.

And wilt thou suffer all this for me ? Wilt thou for me exhaust the small remains of strength that age has left thee ; thou pure benevolence, thou more than parent to poor deserted Eloisa ?

HERMIT.

I'll not permit thee to despond, my child. There is a Providence, that bear me up above my body's strength in thy protection. I feel as if I were again a father, and my lost daughter liv'd again in thee : fear nothing then ; within this peaceful cell thou wilt find viands of your own bestowing.—Enter !—What ails thee ?—There is nothing there ; no dying man to fright thee.

ELOISA.

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ELOISA.

Ah, he's there! the very man. I see him there—
Lord Albert, stretcht on the floor, and dying, as
it seems.

HERMIT.

Merciful Heaven defend us! who is this?

(ALBERT comes from the cell.)

ALBERT.

Be not thus cast in wonder. I am Albert, not
dying, as she thinks, but sav'd from death, if you
betray me not.

ELOISA.

If we betray you! we are not those that
wou'd betray the wretch that fled from justice
to invoke protection; how then shou'd we betray
the good Lord Albert, the patron of the needy
and oppress'd, the orphan's father and the widow's
friend? Blest be the hand that rescued thee from
death! Say who it was, that I may pray for
him.

ALBERT.

Philip of Belmont.

ELOISA.

Oh approving Heaven, crown him, reward him
for the glorious deed. My Philip has preserv'd
you; I acquit him. I was in like extremity with
you at the same hour; I call'd him to my rescue
in vain; his virtue triumph'd o'er his love. He
turn'd from me and sav'd his benefactor. I praise
him, I applaud him for the choice: you had a
husband's and a father's claim; for you the hearts
of thousands wou'd have bled; for me none other
than his own.

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HERMIT.

HERMIT.

And mine.

ELOISA.

Ah, father, if you knew the Lord of Thurn.

HERMIT.

I hope he has been taught to know himself in his adversity.—I knew his father.

ALBERT.

I'm sorry for it, if you knew him rightly; for then you know what cause I have to blush, when I am falsely stil'd the Lord of Thurn.

HERMIT.

That to confess bespeaks a candid mind; for that I honour you; but Thurn is lost. What then remains?

ALBERT.

Before to-morrow's dawn either to see Lazarra at my feet, or see the light no more: if on the walls my banner flies, it flies not for myself, but for the daughter of that rightful Lord, who in his banishment was basely murder'd.

HERMIT.

Alas, that daughter never will be found, nor was that father murder'd; he yet lives, and I am he. Yes, Albert, I, I am that wretched father; degraded, exil'd, and at once bereft of wife, son, daughter; outcast of the world; no home, no country, not one friend on earth, save this sweet innocent, the feeble staff of an old beggar tottering to his grave.

ALBERT.

Oh heavenly justice, how did I escape, whilst you was begging at that castle's gate, which I, unconscious of your right, usurp'd?

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HERMIT.

That I am Theodore, the banisht Lord of Thurn and its domain, I had in proof to shew one relick, which the robbers miss'd, my crest (a crowned lion) cut in ruby ; but this last pledge I left in Guntram's hands for purposes, which this dear child can witness.

ALBERT.

There needs no witness to the truth you utter ; and here, in presence of high Heaven, I swear to pay you homage, and restore your right.

HERMIT.

No, no, your virtues have aton'd to justice ; you, Albert, have the blessings of the poor : Had I possession, what cou'd I have more ? I have no daughter ; the inhuman villains, that robb'd and left me dying, kill'd my child. Within that cell I have preserv'd one relick, one mournful relick. —You shall see my store. (*goes into the cell.*)

ALBERT.

I saw no relick. What does he allude to ?

ELOISA.

Alas ! I know not. My heart melts with pity.

ALBERT.

This mournful story is not new to you.

ELOISA.

My Lord, I've often ask'd, but never heard it : he always put me by when I made suit to share his sorrows—but behold he comes.

HERMIT *returns with a bloody mantle.*

HERMIT.

This, this is all that's left me of my daughter ;

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this

this garment purpled as you see with blood.—
Here stream'd that life-blood than my own more
dear ; and tho' my tears have almost blanch'd
the spots, they cannot wash away the deep re-
membrance of my afflicting loss.

ELOISA.

Oh agonizing sight !

ALBERT.

Unhappy father, what can I do for thee ?

HERMIT.

Nothing for me : childless and old, forgetting
this vain world, and by the world forgotten, for
myself I only ask a grave—but for this innocent
whom I have snatcht from misery, and who clings,
as if by nature's charter, to my heart—for her I
make appeal to your protection, and as in honour
you shall deal with her, so may Heaven deal for-
giveness to your father.

ALBERT.

She is my care henceforth ; and would to
Heaven, when thus I take her hand in pledge of
faith, 'twas in my power to say—Behold your
daughter.

(DARBONY and armed men rush in.)

DARBONY.

That is the damsel ; seize and take her hence,

ELOISA.

Heaven ! shew thy mercy !

HERMIT.

Villains ! loose your hold !

DARBONY.

Shall I not take my own ? She is my wife :
Away with her !—Lord Albert, stand aside ; I've
done

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done you more than wrong enough already : besides, you are unarm'd.

(She is forced off by DARBONY's soldiers.)

ELOISA *(from without.)*

Philip ! Philip ! *(bugle sounds at a distance.)*

HERMIT.

Stop ! stop ! A rescue !

DARBONY.

Stop thy clamorous tongue, grey-headed hypocrite. March on, my hearts !

(Exit with soldiers.)

ELOISA *(at a further distance.)*

Philip ! Philip ! *(bugle sounds.)*

(PHILIP enters, with mountaineers.)

PHILIP.

'Tis Eloisa's voice ! Friends ! brethren ! follow. *(WOLF enters, his sword drawn.)*

WOLF.

Follow ! the vengeance ! I have burst my heart with following ; and that madcap, Philip, leads them off at score. Holloa ! who's that ? My noble master living ! Here ! here's a sword ; carve for yourself, and spare not : first come, first serv'd ; no ceremony at this sport.

(ALBERT and WOLF follow to the fight.)

HERMIT *(alone.)*

There, there they go ! and now the wood conceals them : now they come out ; see ! see ! they're close upon them ! they meet ! they fight ! Philip has conquer'd ! Hark ! our people shout : the coward miscreants throw away their arms, and beg for mercy. Hah ! she lives ! she lives !

(PHILIP runs in, conducting ELOISA.)

PHILIP.

PHILIP.

Joy! triumph! victory! Eloisa's fav'd!

HERMIT.

My child! my child! Oh, welcome to my fight! My old heart bounds with transport to behold thee. (ALBERT, WOLF, &c. *with DARBONY prisoner.*)

ALBERT.

Bring in your prisoner; we have got their leader.

WOLF.

Let me come to him; I've had a taste of his sword, now he shall have a belly full of mine.

ALBERT.

Hold! hold! 'tis Darbony; he spar'd my life; I'll not take his.

WOLF.

But I will for you; that will do as well,

ALBERT.

Forbear! thou art too bloody.

WOLF.

You see I am; he has drawn my blood; why should not I open a vein for him?

ALBERT.

Stand off, and quit him! What is your pretence for seizing this young woman?

DARBONY.

If I had seiz'd her, and secur'd my prize, I should have had a title, Lord of Thurn, superior to your own.

ALBERT.

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ALBERT.

What do you mean? Is she not Guntram's daughter?

DARBONY.

I am your prisoner; you have sav'd my life: therefore I tell you fairly, not one drop of Guntram's blood runs in those noble veins: I would not treat with him till he confess'd it. I marry Guntram's daughter!—no! He stole her, like a thief: she is the daughter of Theodore, the ancient Lord of Thurn; and had I married her—

ALBERT.

Break off! the father, the father stands before you!

HERMIT.

Oh! my daughter!

ELOISA.

Philip, support me! bear me to his feet, that I may kneel.—Oh! tell me, tell me truly, if it was nature's instinct that inspir'd me to love thee, honour thee, and call thee father?

HERMIT.

Oh Heaven! how wonderful art thou in mercy! I'm lost: the blessing is too vast for me; my weak frame totters: lead me to my cell. (*Exit, supported by ELOISA and PHILIP.*)

ALBERT.

How's this, old friend? A tear on that rough cheek?

WOLF.

WOLF.

Yes, a rough tear; not one of your soft drops, that whimpering pity sheds: I never weep, except for joy that honest men are happy. Come, signor Darbony, enter the cell: you are not overburden'd with humanity; a few more lessons of this sort won't hurt you.

(enter the cell.)

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

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ACT V.



SCENE, a Defile in the Neighbourhood of Thurn Castle; ALBERT, PHILIP, HERMIT, ELOISA, WOLF, and SOLDIERS.

ALBERT.

NOW, Comrades, mark where the declining moon, propitious to our enterprize, withdraws her fading crescent! The dark hour comes on, and warns us to the charge!

PHILIP.

We are all ready: our mountaineers are ambushed within call. Where shall we storm?

ALBERT.

Upon the western flank: the moat is fordable, and the wall weakest there: he has secured the bridge.

WOLF,

I wish we had done as much before he pass'd it; but rogues are wiser in their generation than we dull downright fellows are in ours.

ALBERT.

Ah, Philip, my whole heart is sick with dread of what has pass'd within the castle.

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PHILIP.

PHILIP.

We shall soon have the castle.

ALBERT.

Shall we have the lives within it? Shall I greet my wife? Shall I embrace my son?

PHILIP.

Dismiss these terrors, and repose your hope where you have lodged your faith. Draw forth your sword! We cannot fail to conquer when those we combat are the foes of Heaven!

ALBERT.

'Tis done. Now, heroes, follow to the charge!

PHILIP.

A moment's patience. Where shall we bestow this aged father, and his defenceless daughter?

ALBERT.

Wolf, you are wounded; you shall stay behind: there lives not one more worthy of that trust.

WOLF.

There lives not one less likely to perform it; for though I have a reverence for old age, and a soft side towards innocence and beauty, yet if I hear the clash of swords in battle, I must, perforce, turn out and make one with them: therefore let me be foremost in the onset, and last in the retreat—there is my post.

HERMIT.

I will not hold one hero from his duty; and, though

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though I can no longer wield a sword, behold I have a weapon—(*shows a dagger*). This, and the darkness of the night, will guard us, therefore, go forth, and conquer.

ELOISA.

There is an arbour (Philip knows the spot) of nature's making, in the chestnut grove, beside the western tower; there we may pass the anxious minutes, and put up our prayers for your success.

ALBERT.

Escort them to the place! We, the meanwhile, will marshal our brave band, and for our wives, our children, and our altars, assur'd of conquest, we rush upon the foe! [*Exeunt*.

SCENE changes to an Apartment in the Castle of Thurn.

(JOANNA enters.)

The monster will not let me see my child—Well! Heaven's high will be done—There was a time when my afflicted spirit was prepar'd to die with Albert! But last night in silence I commun'd with my heart, and heard a voice that seem'd to cry within me—"Hold thine hand, creature of God! thy life is not thine own, and none but he that gave can take away"—I started; left my couch; my lamp was burning; the book of life was open on my table; I read; the text was—patience—and the word of inspiration sunk into my heart with influence so persuasive, so serene, that as I read, I reasoned, and perceived when Heaven is pleas'd to punish,

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'tis our part to suffer and submit.—Eugene, approach !

(EUGENE enters to JOANNA.)

Is there not something stirring in the castle that occupies my tyrant, and reprieves me from his detested presence ?

EUGENE.

I think there is—Scouts are for ever passing, that scour the country round ; the walls are manned ; in all the watch towers centinels are posted, and by what is going forward, I should suppose he looks to be attack'd.

JOANNA.

Alas ! what can my helpless people do, when their brave leader's lost, and Wolf is killed, and Philip is far off ?

EUGENE.

Of Philip I know nothing ; but for Wolf, I must believe he lives, and that I saw him.

JOANNA.

Boy, you're deceived ; let me not hear of hope, save what the cheering recollection gives, that all the sufferings of this transient life must have a speedy end : of this assur'd, I am prepar'd, for conscience sake, to brave all that Lazarra's fury can inflict to shake my honour, or subdue my spirit ; for 'tis no question with me whom to fear—him, a contemptible and short-liv'd tyrant, that only can afflict me for awhile, or that tremendous judge whose just award is happiness or misery without end.

(Exit.

EUGENE.

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EUGENE.

She's gone, and knows not yet the full extent of her affliction—When she shall be told, Lord Albert fell not in the field of battle, but butchered by assassins in the dungeon of his own Belmont, what will then support her? Will sighs and tears relieve her sad despair? Oh they wou'd! I'd weep my eyes to water.

“ To sigh when sorrow loads the breast

“ Is nature's kind relief;

“ To weep is almost to be blest

“ Amid the burst of grief.

“ Sigh then, sad dame, if sighs may cheer

“ A heart oppress'd as thine;

“ Weep, and I'll double every tear,

“ For all thy griefs are mine.” (Exit.

SCENE changes to the Saxon Hall.

(LAZARRA, with armed followers.)

LAZARRA.

Albert, ere this, is dead! Where is Joanna? The spark of pity that was quick within me, her insolent defiance has extinguished; my temper and my time are both exhausted; let her be summoned, and at once determine for life or death, my victim or my bride!—Do you hear me, fluggards? Which of you has charge upon the western flank?

OFFICER.

I have, an' please you.

LAZARRA.

JOANNA:

LAZARRA.

It does not please me, sir—the wall is open.
Why is the breach not stopt, as I directed?

OFFICER.

We had no hands to spare from other duty.

LAZARRA.

No, they were all employ'd upon your
trenchers; you are greedy feeders all, but lazy
workers. Why did you not set the prisoners
upon it?

OFFICER.

The moat is fordable; we dare not trust
them.

LAZARRA.

If the moat 's fordable, where's our defence,
the wall being left in breach? 'Tis well for us
that Albert is not living.—Now, what news?

(A SOLDIER enters.)

SOLDIER.

My lord, 'tis said that Darbony is taken.

LAZARRA.

Who says it? Who has taken him?

SOLDIER.

The fellow that was in the fight reports, Lord
Albert took him prisoner.

LAZARRA.

That is a lie as deep as to the center—Albert
is dead; here's one that will confirm it: You
come from Wensel?

WENSEL'S

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(WENSEL'S MESSENGER *enters.*)

MESSENGER.

I do, my lord, from Belmont ; I am sent with humble greetings to you from my master.

LAZARRA.

Does Wensel send me Albert's head withal ? If he does that, his greeting will be welcome.

MESSENGER.

Alas, my lord, I am compell'd to say that Albert has escap'd.

LAZARRA.

Infamous traitor ! Wensel shall feel my vengeance ! Sound to arms ! Albert escap'd ; and Darbony a prisoner ! Call out the garrison, and man the ramparts ! I'll have the prisoners put to instant death !

(SOLDIER *runs in, his sword drawn.*)

SOLDIER.

Arm ! arm, my lord ! The castle is assaulted ! Your people fly !—Arm, arm, or all is lost !

LAZARRA.

Where 's the assault ?

SOLDIER.

Upon the western flank :—they have pass'd the moat !—they are within the walls !

LAZARRA.

Well, fall from the bridge, and cut them off !

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JOANNA:

off! Sound, sound a charge! and follow to the bridge!

(Exit, followed by his soldiers.)

(A charge is sounded.)

(JOANNA rushes in, stops, listens in an attitude of horror and alarm; then exclaims—)

JOANNA.

Horror! Confusion! Whither shall I fly?

(WOLF enters.)

WOLF.

Fly! Never think of flying, noble lady;—
Your husband lives! he fights! he conquers!

JOANNA.

Lives! Does my Albert live! May I believe thee?

WOLF.

To be sure you may; Lazarra flies before him! The castle is our own! The prisoners are set free!

JOANNA.

All gracious Heaven! what thanks shall I repay thee?

WOLF.

As many as you will hereafter; the fewer the better just at present; follow me, and shew yourself to your defenders; they'll fight like devils when they are led on by you. Come on! a Montfaucon is born to conquer!

JOANNA.

And I will conquer, or expire with Albert!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE,

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SCENE, *a broken and picturesque Country.—On the Flank, the Bower where the HERMIT and ELOISA are concealed.*

(HERMIT leads forth ELOISA.)

HERMIT.

You may come forth, my child, the storm is over.

ELOISA.

Look, father, look ; the clouds, that threaten'd us with bursts of thunder, now have roll'd away ; and the sun rises red upon the mountains, a rayless ball of fire!

HERMIT.

So gleam'd his orb on that disastrous morn, when waking from my trance I gaz'd around with wild amaze in search of thee, and found thy bloody garment by the robbers left—Source of unnumber'd sorrows—Yet, behold, Heaven smiles upon the evening of my days—So, when this fearful conflict shall be over, the setting sun may beam serene on thee, and Philip close his triumphs in thy arms.

ELOISA.

Ah, my dear father, what is that I see?—Turn, turn your eyes, and tell me who are those that issue from the castle, and now they pass the bridge, and now they fight!

HERMIT.

By all that's terrible it is Lazarra! He sallies on the assailants—Heaven and earth! can those be Swiss that fly? Are those my countrymen

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that

that turn their backs upon a foreign foe? Fly to your covert! Fly, my sweet child! The battle gathers towards you!

ELOISA.

I'll follow you, my father, but my heart is in the fight with Philip—Heaven protect him!

[*Exeunt.*]

(*The Battle.—Different Divisions are seen fighting between the Cliffs.—PHILIP appears rallying his Party.*)

PHILIP.

Once more, my gallant countrymen, once more charge, and you conquer! See, their battle's broke; they reel, they stagger—Victory invites you. Philip of Belmont leads you to the charge.

(*WENSEL, pursued by ALBERT, flies to PHILIP, who presents himself to ALBERT, covering the Fugitive.*)

WENSEL.

Oh! save me, Philip, save me, or I perish!

PHILIP.

Stop thy avenging hand, heroic chief, nor through my filial bosom pass thy sword—Remember Belmont, and for my sake spare him—He is my father.

ALBERT.

I'll not kill thy father—Live, wretch, but never let me see thee more:—Fly to the rocks, and bid them cover thee, for the sun sickens to behold thy shame.

(*WENSEL retires.*)

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Now, Philip, forward! Lo, where brave old Wolf comes pouring down from his embattled heights to snatch the victory from us—Forward! forward!
[*Exeunt.*]

(*WOLF is seen engaged; his Opponents fly; he advances.*)

WOLF.

Well done, my cat-o'-mountains, never spare 'em; out with your claws, and bristle up your backs; the rascals dare not look upon your eyes, they glare so terribly; tear 'em and eat 'em. What between Wolf and Cat they 've had a bargain; I 've set my fangs in some of them with a vengeance.

(*WOLF discovers GUNTRAM sculking.*)

What sculker have we here? Come out—Thou villain! thou cutpurse! who made thee a soldier, firrah? Nature intended thee for an attorney—Come, brush your memory up, mumble a prayer, and be quick! Thou 'rt hardly worth the time 'twill take to kill thee.

GUNTRAM.

Spare me, brave Wolf! Behold, here is a ring, the signet of Lord Albert, for my safeguard—Examine it, I pray thee. (*Gives the ring.*)

WOLF (*whilst looking at the ring.*)

Rascal, thou liest, thou pettifogging knave; this is not Albert's signet—thou hast stolen it.

(*Looks for GUNTRAM, who has escaped the meanwhile*)

Hah! gone, absconded, taken a French leave! The devil follow him! he's not worth the catch-

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ing—I'll kill the next I meet instead of him.

(Exit, with followers.)

(A retreat is sounded.—LAZARRA enters.)

LAZARRA.

I'll fly no further. Here I fix my foot, and if my foldiers will desert their leader, I've nothing but my single life to fight for, and that I'll sell as dearly as I may to him that bids for it—Albert!—

(ALBERT enters.)

ALBERT.

Lazarra! I've fought you,

LAZARRA.

You have found me,

ALBERT,

Twice conquer'd, you have forfeited your title to the fair treatment of a loyal knight, for you have broke the truce you swore to, and, like a robber in the dead of night, forc'd my unguarded castle; conquer'd now, and all retreat cut off, you're at my mercy—Deliver up your sword, and ask your life.

LAZARRA.

To me these terms! You little know Lazarra. I forc'd your castle—true; for in your castle there dwelt a lady, whom you dar'd to marry in violation of the laws of honour.

ALBERT.

Honour! You ought not to pronounce the name,

LAZARRA.

What was your honour when you fled your castle, and left Joanna in your rival's power?

ALBERT.

ALBERT.

Joanna's purity defies your power.

LAZARRA.

I suffer none to live that dare defy it. One triumph I have had, one yet remains—to vanquish thee, and perfect my revenge.

ALBERT.

Demon incarnate! to your native hell thus I devote you. Do you feel me now?

(Wounds LAZARRA.)

LAZARRA.

As the chaf'd lion does, to rage the fiercer—

(They fight. ALBERT, in parrying LAZARRA's thrust, stumbles at the root of a tree, and falls.)

There, there! blest fortune!—thy star falls to earth, mine keeps its sphere.—Now thou art at my mercy.

(Stands over him, and points his sword at his breast.)

ALBERT.

I scorn your mercy. Strike!

LAZARRA.

Expect it; but first take this truth from me—Joanna lives; you, the mean time, a solitary ghost, must wait her coming in those gloomy shades to which I now dismiss thee.

(As LAZARRA is in the act of killing ALBERT, JOANNA rushes in, utters a scream of horror, and strikes LAZARRA to the heart, who falls with the stroke.)

JOANNA.

JOANNA.

Ah, thou murderer! Hence to those shades thyself! Behold, 'tis done—He faints, he falls, he dies—Save me, support me! Oh Philip, tell me, does my Albert live?

ALBERT (*rising*).

He lives, he lives, he clasps thee to his heart, thou angel of his rescue.

WOLF.

Yes, 'twas a timely rescue o' my conscience—How came you, Sir, to fall under his sword?

ALBERT.

The ground deceiv'd me as I gave back from him.

WOLF.

Aye, that same giving back is a bad practice; but he has got his passport; he is off.

PHILIP.

Look, look! he dies; convulsion shakes his frame; he gasps, he writhes in anguish, he expires!

JOANNA.

Judge of all hearts, oh take him to thy mercy! He dies without a pray'r.—Horrible fight!—What Heaven inspir'd me with the strength to do, now, having done, I tremble to behold.

ALBERT.

Take hence the body! Sound a retreat, and call in the pursuers! Now to the castle—'Tis Joanna's triumph, and we will grace it with our best display. To all my friends and brave defenders, thanks! Actions must speak my feelings;

ings; time must shew what my full heart conceives, for language cannot. Philip, behold our venerable Hermit; and in his hand, like Truth led on by Time, thy destin'd bride approaches.

(HERMIT and ELOISA enter.)

HERMIT.

Albert, if every conqueror had a cause worthy as your's, we shou'd rejoice in conquests; but in this world, for reasons only known to Heaven, bad men will triumph for a time, and be the lords and arbiters of fortune. You are both good and prosperous, and your candour in owning me the rightful Lord of Thurn, cancels your father's wrongs; but what you risk'd your life to gain for life you shall possess. Give Philip Belmont, and I'll give him her, that wou'd convert a cottage to a palace—Take her, brave youth, she's your's!

PHILIP.

With heart and soul grateful to Heaven and you, I seal my thanks upon this beauteous hand, and greet my blessing.

JOANNA.

May years of happiness attend you both!

ALBERT.

Hence may the rash invaders of our land learn to revere the valour that defends it! Now let our gallant warriors raise their voices in celebration of this joyful day!

CHORUS.

 CHORUS.

“ Joy, Joy, Joy !

“ Roaring War is gone to sleep,
 “ Drums and trumpets silence keep,
 “ Squeaking fifes with accents shrill,
 “ Clattering cymbals now are still ;
 “ No more thumping, no more thundering,
 “ No more burning, no more plundering,
 “ Soldiers smuggling,
 “ Damsels struggling,
 “ Parents flying,
 “ Children crying ;
 “ Such the sorrows we have known ;
 “ Sorrow now is past and gone.

“ Joy, Joy, Joy !

“ Merry groupes shall now be seen,
 “ Sporting on the village green,
 “ Dancing round in jovial ring,
 “ Whilst the minstrel smites the string ;
 “ All hands clapping, all heels clattering,
 “ Grandfires chirping, grandams chattering ;
 “ Looks inviting,
 “ Hearts uniting,
 “ Smiles inspiring,
 “ Kisses firing ;
 “ Such the joys that Peace displays,
 “ Hail, bright dawn of golden days !

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